

My Love Lies Upon You

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Summary: When Alex runs into Middle Earth, she already knows a lot about it, but that's only because it's been guest starring in her nightmares. Thorin x OFC slow burn

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Disclaimer: I don't own anything and am very sorry for my defiling of all characters from Tolkien's and Peter Jackson's respective works. All other characters are from my own warped imagination.

Authors Note: This is the second time uploading this. The formatting keeps going screwy. So fingers crossed.

****My Love Lies Upon You****

_"__I amâ€¦ Fire."_

_"__I amâ€¦"_

"â€¦ Death!"

Alex flew up in bed, the covers scrunching around her as she cinched them tight, trying to control her breathing.

Her door banged open, her light flicking on. One hand over her mouth she stared at Dillon. His worried glare glancing all around the room before landing on her.

"Is she okay?" a squeaky, sleep-filled voice came from beyond her room.

Dillon stared at her that worried frown creasing his smooth forehead; he slid his hand down the wall from the light switch. Turning back to his girlfriend, he muttered something about her dreams and made way for Monica to slip through.

"I'm sorry." Alex wheezed out. She hadn't even realised she'd been screaming in her sleep, again.

Monica just shook her head, "Now, none of that." Sleepy Monica didn't sound very commanding, but Alex smirked at her attempt.

"Iâ€|" She didn't know what to say, how to explain nightmares filled with fantastical monsters and those dreams of an intriguing and handsome lover, and that stone â€" that stone that glowed so bright.

"Look," Monica settled herself on the bed snatching up Alex's hand gently rubbing it between her own. "The therapist said this would take time."

She wanted to confide in her, but considering her mental state just a few short months ago, Alex didn't think Monica would believe she was getting better. After all, hadn't the therapist said that nightmares were just another way the brain dealt with trauma?

Deciding to offer a shrug and a weak look, Alex accepted the hug that was incoming. She enjoyed these moments of comfort, lapping them up, as she could never remember the hugs her mother gave her, only remembering the feeling she'd experienced this as a small child.

"D'ya think you can get back to sleep?" Monica whispered to her drowsily, she nodded. It was a lie; she couldn't face going back to that nightmare again of fire and death.

However, they weren't due to leave for a few hours yet, and they had already finished packing for the hiking trip.

Monica needed her eight hours or she would be grouchy, and take it out on Dillon. Dillon would then get pissed, and if his little brother Cody played up, Dillon would turn his ire on him. This would lead to Cody sending her spiteful glares knowing Alex was somehow responsible.

She didn't want that. She didn't even want to go on the hiking trip. Monica was her friend, though, her best friend, and she'd been there for Alex ever since the breakdown, sacrificing so much of her time. This is why she was going. To prove firstly that she could handle being in the company of other people and secondly to repay Monica for everything â€" and there was a lot â€"she had done.

Monica smiled sweetly as she flitted off the bed with a bounce and strolled out the room with a quick wave over her shoulder. Monica's way of saying this crisis was done with, never to be mentioned again, and that everything was normal. Punching off the main light as she slipped the door shut.

Settling against the headboard, Alex grabbed up her book, flicking on the lamp and began reading. It wasn't long before her eyes became heavy, eyelids closing for longer and longer each time she blinked. It wasn't long before her eyes closed drowsily, her book dropping onto her chest held by limp fingers.

_There should have been pain. There had been pain in the past.

Instead, as she looked at the joining bodies, caught in a carnal act that looked violent in its intensity, Alex knew she felt only pleasure._

It was confusing seeing herself beneath the longhaired man, rubbing her arms and legs all over him as he thrust into her. As Alex stood by their bed, feeling every penetration into her body. It was beautiful, it was perfect. It made her feel beautiful and perfect. Every caress he gave, she felt, every lick, kiss, and nibble. Her body aflame and only getting hotter, her muscles coiling ready for the climax. How she never shattered into hundred-thousand pieces when he did this to her, she would never know.

The scene changed and cold blitzed through her, she gripped his hand.

_"__I would part from you, Alexandria, with love in my heart." The words were mumbled with effort as his life's blood trickled over the snow-covered ground._

She was transported once more, back to a room, she on her knees, swallowing him. He above her, head thrown back in ecstasy. "Ahlut 'ala," she loved it when he forgot how to speak in the common speech.

She flicked back to the icy wasteland.

_"__Don't," she begged, "Don't leave me on my own."_

He tried to smile, blood staining his lips, "ÃŠ amrul ashruġ aya astÃ®."

She screamed at him not to go, gripping his arm, throwing a hand over his chest, blood trickling coolly over her fingers.

Alex knew she would not live without him. She could not live without him. And those that mattered, the thought permeated, would never allow her to live with the half-breed growing within her.

Alex opened her eyes, propped against her headboard her free hand went to her tummy, protecting a life not yet conceived.

This was becoming ridiculous. These dreams, these nightmares! What was her subconscious trying to tell her?

Throwing the book at the end of the bed she glanced at the clock on her bedside table. And flew out of bed, nearly tumbling over as her feet got caught in the duvet.

"Shit, shit, shit!" the car was due in 15 minutes. She wouldn't have time to wash the sweat from her dream from her body. She stripped, grabbed her roll-on deodorant, used it then grabbed a spray covering her whole body and coughing from the mist lingering in the air from it.

She snatched her clothes, thankfully laid out last night, pulling on thick socks, panties, sports bra, and all the special stuff she'd brought for the hiking trip.

Pulling on her jeans, then layering her top half. It was going to be

cold in the mountains and she'd packed everything suitable. Dillon had gone through everything approvingly and smiling at her with a 'well done' thrown in for good measure.

She was ready, apart from her hair. The 'nest' as she called it was wound up tightly into a bun, with her beanie hat pulled on to finish the ensemble. She could do this, she thought to herself, she could do this and take another giant leap in her life.

Mike was their tour guide through the week long hike. He was tall, beefy and bearded he also had a girlfriend who was accompanying them that was built like an Amazonian Warrior. They were the perfect couple, Monica had mused.

Alex hadn't had to mingle with them at the drop-off site, but Mike was on her case now. This was the fourth time he'd told her off about how much water she was drinking.

"You need to be careful with your water."

Alex nodded, wiping her wet lips and taking a gasping breath. She'd thought hiking would be easier. Instead, she'd discovered that walking up a mountain pass was not the same as walking to the coffee shop around the corner.

She was always gasping for breath, always thirsty, she'd developed blisters on her feet and the brisk mountain air had sandblasted at least ten layers of skin off her face. She'd set about drinking as much water as she could only to learn that the water she had with her, wouldn't be replenished until tomorrow morning.

Monica and Dillon walked past her, each sporting that 'it sucks to be you, but we both sympathise,' identical smiles. She ignored them. Cody stepped past whispering, "Ooh busted by Grizzly Adams." She huffed out an unintentional laugh, Cody was a shit-head, but sometimes he was funny.

Mike, their tour guide, waited patiently for her to cap her bottle and put it back in the pocket strapped to her side. He walked beside her slowly, "When we reach camp, I'll show you how to take care of those blisters, and how you can turn this trip into something more than torture." Alex stopped and stared at him, how did he know? The guy was obviously a mind reader, "We've all had to start somewhere," he shrugged.

Alex offered a friendly smile that was likely lop-sided as she was still breathing heavily. Okay, so Magic Mike " The tour guide extraordinaire, who likely wrestled bears for a hobby, wasn't so bad after all.

He checked the map, looked to Lucy who'd gone up ahead to scout and back to the map. Something was wrong, very wrong. He'd noticed it gradually as they walked along. He was guiding the group after discussing with Alex her water usage and walking with her for a little while.

He knew this trail up into the mountains, he'd been along it so often he knew the location of every tree, bush, and rock. When he noticed the boulder, a semi-large one, by the side of the trail, made of granite, and stuck half into the ground as though it had been there

for hundreds of years, he puzzled over it but figured it must have been there all the time.

The next time was a bush, he didn't just not remember it, he didn't know what it was, it wasn't local foliage he was sure of it. He'd asked Lucy, she didn't know either, and he refrained from asking the group if they knew what it was. He didn't want them losing faith in his ability to guide them. Though he was questioning his ability flat out.

As time went on, it was the trees that started to change and when that happened he called a rest break and pulled out the map. Lucy jogged up to him, "Mike you need to see this." The worry in her voice pulled his eyes to the little gadget in her hands. The GPS compass. It relied on the satellites above to pinpoint its way, except there was no reading. Just dashes where there should have been numbers on the grey display.

"Is it broken?" Lucy shook her head, pressing the button, she turned it off then on again and it booted up as should. Except again there were no coordinates. He fumbled inside his jacket, pulling out the trusty iPhone and thumbing the compass app. Nothing happened, it was like the phone was frozen and as he glanced at the top of the display there was no signal, which if they were where they were supposed to be, he would still have some signal. The phone then went black, even though it had nearly full battery.

"Mike," Lucy's worried voice had him staring at her phone that was now off as well.

"What the hell is going on?"

"Do you think it could be an electrical storm?" Lucy asked, adding, "Geoff said the other week that he'd seen dry lightening up here."

That was unusual but not unheard of in these parts. Lightning striking without the accompanying rain was more mid-west of their location.

He needed to decide what to do, turn back or press on. Should he risk it? Nodding to himself he turned to the group, "Okay guys, I'm sorry about this but we're gonna have to turn back for today."

The leader, Dillon, stood up making his way over with the others following. "What's wrong?"

Mike explained what was happening with the phones and GPS and they all got their phones out seeing the same thing. The worried looks from three of them were enough for him to know that going back was the right decision.

"Why can't we just go on?" The young one, Cody, spoke up.

"It's not safe Cody, and you heard Mike, we could be heading into an electrical storm."

"So?"

"Not so, Cody. This could be dangerous."

Cody shook his head, "I've never heard of anyone dying out here. And even if we do hit it, Mike and Xena there know what they're doing. This could be the adventure of a lifetime."

Mike stared at the boy, well he was about eighteen and looked nothing like his brother. This kid, with his shaggy mop of dirty blonde hair and narrow eyes, was a direct contrast to the taller, brown-haired, clean-shaven man who didn't have a hair out of place after the hours spent walking.

"I'm sorry Cody, but I can't risk it with Monica. Andâ€" he carried on ignoring the silent tantrum of his brother, "â€" if anything happened to you, Mum would go nuts at me."

"Yeah, right." Cody seethed and kicked at the dusty trail before walking back to the packs.

"I'm sorry," Mike waved off Dillon's apology, he sent Lucy down the trail and walked over with the others to their packs.

"Okay, let's get back to civilization and safety."

"Mike!" the cry caught everyone off guard and they all moved as one towards the shout. Lucy was sprinting back up the trail, and behind her wasâ€|

"Orcs!"

Alex didn't know how she knew, but the pack of black, bipedal creatures chasing after Lucy, waving vicious looking weapons were called Orcs and she knew if they caught them they would suffer before not just dying, but being eaten as well.

It was selfish, but survival kicked in and she screamed, "RUN!" taking off up the hill. She forced herself into a sprint and promised she wouldn't look behind. A hand gripped hers and she tried to throw it off, before realising it was Monica. She tightened her grip and poured everything she was into dragging her best friend up that hill and away from the mob behind them.

She didn't slow when they heard the first scream, Alex just clenched Monica tighter, begging her to keep running. Monica didn't get a choice as Dillon grabbed her other hand. His other clinging onto Cody who was a couple of steps behind him.

They heard their guide, mountain man Mike give some kind of yell, whether it was a battle cry or a death scream none of them were prepared to find out. The howling and grunting were getting closer, the vibrations in the path like mini tremors as those blackened feet gained on them.

"Keep going," Dillon gasped, yanking Cody nearer and urging Monica and Alex to run faster. Alex felt her lungs burn, and her legs became quivering stilts. She was sure she would fall over any time now. But the trembling in the ground was coming closer and closer.

As they reached the top the trembling became immense pounding that echoed all around them and all four careened to a halt, barely flinging themselves to the side of the trail as at least twenty

horses rushed past them and into the orcs that had been chasing them.

Every one of them was on the ground, breathing harshly as they wide-eyed took in the slaughter. Men on horseback, with swords, slashing, thrusting, cutting at limbs, heads and bellies. Black blood sprayed everywhere, and Monica and Alex, followed by Cody all threw up.

Finally, the battle was over, and silence descended. A lone rider approached on his horse. He was young, with stubble and brownish hair. His eyes were gentle and Alex was given the impression this man wouldn't hurt them.

His horse stopped before the collapsed group, "You were lucky, friends."

They couldn't reply, still too shocked. The man dismounted, kneeling before Alex, he placed a calming hand on her shoulder, ignoring that she'd just thrown up over herself. "Come, there's a settlement not far, you can get food and shelter. We will take care of your dead."

Alex closed her eyes, too shocked to be able to cry. She didn't want to know how Mike and Lucy died but nodded her thanks to the ranger.

Wait, what?

Alex looked up at him. How the hell did she know this man was a ranger? Why was she so accepting of this situation when the others were numb and disorientated?

"We need to call the police." It sounded like Dillon had regained a foothold in reality.

The ranger looked to him, "I know not what you speak of. There is no one known as Police in the town up ahead."

"Are you fucking with me?" Dillon ran a hand through his short hair causing it to spike up. "Look, man, call the police orâ€| Seal Team Sixâ€| anyone."

Alex knew if they were to stay out of trouble right now, she would have to convince Dillon to play along. "Dillon, let's just get to the town, we can take it from there."

Dillon opened his mouth to argue, shutting it again when Monica elbowed him. Cody just stared at them all, clearly stunned into silence.

A nod from the ranger thanking her for her assistance and he was helping each of them stand. Three rangers approached and each of the group was helped up onto the back of a horse, Alex riding pillion with the young man, who introduced himself as Strider.

Translation:

>Ahlut 'ala - Take this

>-ÃŠ amrul ashruha aya astÃ© - My love lies upon you

End
file.